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Title: The Casting (pt 2)

Author: Maelwyn Ab'Arawn  
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Outside, Dasha sat at a distance watching the circle of Eternals and mages as their hands moved in perfect unison in a complex pattern. In the center of the circle, Adranath held his arms aloft, his face empty and his eyes closed. In his mind, he began to see the city of Yew. Quick flashes of imagery became full visions of the Juka, claiming lives and being slain alike. The chaos of people running in every direction was difficult to see past, but slowly he focused his view and could envision the entire scope of the battle. The magic users around Adranath began to chant and raise their voices in a dark harmony that sent a shiver up Dasha's spine and continued to blanket the area in a slight tremor. Light slowly began to trail from their fingertips and form an intricate pattern like a lace made of flame around the entire circle which seemed to vibrate with the sound around it. The ring of light shrank inward and bathed Adranath in its glow until he seemed to be nothing but a bright speck in the center of the chanting circle. All at once the mages' voices grew even louder, and with one final discordant note held for what seemed like ages,

the light within Adranath  
fired outward into the  
sky in a great wave. His  
eyes suddenly shot open  
and his face stretched in  
a moment of terror.  
Dasha stood and darted  
as fast as she could to  
the ancient mage.  
Within his mind, Adranath  
could see the spell  
shimmering over Yew for  
a moment, falling to the  
ground in a shimmer of  
tiny motes of light.  
Suddenly, his vision went  
dark and his mind erupted  
into pain.

By the time Dasha had  
broken through the ring  
of mages and reached  
Adranath, the spell had  
been completed and he  
was already starting to  
crumple to the ground,  
exhausted. She caught his  
shoulders and helped lower  
him to the ground. His  
eyes still seemed to  
stare out at nothing in  
fear.

“Watcher!” one of the  
other Eternals spoke as  
the mages recomposed  
themselves after the  
great spell. “The spell  
felt... different... than  
it did in the past.” The  
others nodded and seemed  
to agree.

“Adranath! Master, what  
happened?” Dasha shook  
the old Meer by the  
shoulder slightly. “Are  
you hurt?”

The Decay...” he  
mumbled. “Nature...  
magic... it is... bent...  
skewed since we last...  
last attempted the... the  
Decay...” He steadied  
himself for a moment and  
looked up into Dasha’s  
eyes.

“I fear something has  
gone terribly wrong.”